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Judge

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THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

Judge

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JAPANESE PLOT REVEALED!

COLUMBIA PROFESSOR SECRET AGENT OF THE MIKADO.

JUDGE is able to expose one of the most barefaced plots ever concocted by one sovereign power against another in time of peace. Our accidental discovery of the strange masquerade of a Columbia professor has laid bare the whole outrageous scheme. Professor Brander Matthews and the supposed Viscount Aoki, lately Ambassador to the United States, are identical! This fact established, all is made clear. The final complete Japaning of the United States has long been one of the astute Mikado's cherished dreams. A preliminary colonization of the Pacific Slope, as all know, has been nipped in the bud; but an effort to force upon us the use of Japanese characters was well under weigh, and might have gotten beyond the power of any one to check it had it not been for JUDGE. Matthews, secret agent, took the first step leading to this dastardly consummation when he introduced reformed spelling to our masses. Papers of his that have been seized indicate that the use of Japanese characters was to follow immediately. How Roosevelt was made a catspaw until he scented trouble of some sort; how the classroom work of Professor Matthews prevented his Washington masquerade, resulting in the recall of the alleged Aoki; how it has been proved that no such person as Aoki ever existed—all these details exceed the space at our command. The photographs tell the story. Again JUDGE has been of inestimable service to the American people, and at this writing Professor Brander Matthews probably languishes in some federal prison cell. If he doesn't he ought to.

VISCOUNT AOKI,
Alleged Japanese ambassador to the United States, who has lately been recalled.
Smith.

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS,
Chairman Reformed Spelling Board, Department of English, Columbia University.
Kitzmann.

• • •

DON'T swear off; swear on! Positive resolutions are better than negative ones. Acquisition is better than renunciation.

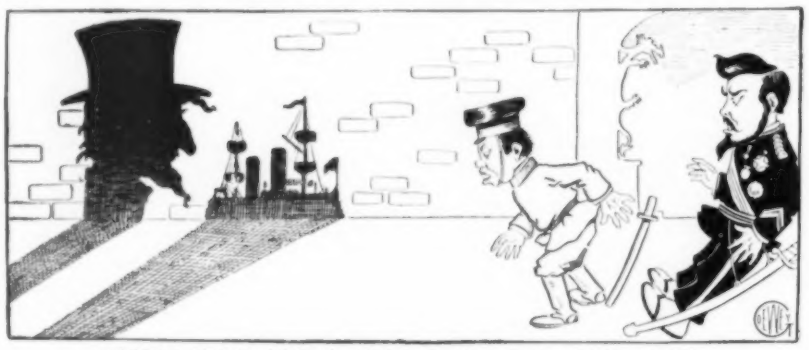
• • •

TWO delegates to our congress are on their way from Manila. They are coming to play Philopena with some of our congressional committees. We are sorry for them if they hope to get a direct "yes" or "no" out of anybody.

• • •

DENVER IN JULY.

YOU call us leaderless! Indeed,
We fear that that is not
The trouble; rather do we need
To drown the ones we've got.



"HUSH, HUSH, HUSH! HERE COMES THE BOGY-MAN!"

HOW MUCH WILL TEDDY BEAR?

PATIENCE in the face of misrepresentation is demanded of everyone who occupies the presidential chair. Patience is least to be expected among the virtues of such a man as Roosevelt, and all the more does he deserve credit for every evidence of it. Reporters nowadays are sent out with orders to get news whether it exists or not, and preferment awaits the correspondent who concocts some new Roosevelt yarn that will be difficult of denial. Lies crop up in such profusion that they choke themselves. Teddy has far more patience now than he had at first, when this constant nagging led to occasional outbursts which carried injustice in their train and swelled the ranks of the Ananias Club. Yes, he is learning; and though every day sees new reports through "a man very close to the administration," or "a recent caller at the White House," they soon die through lack of the nourishment of official notice. Give him credit for learning to bear all this. He has received it in greater measure than most presidents.

Teddy ought to bear it; that is one of his jobs. But there is one cross the like of which no president ever had to carry. JUDGE predicts any day a protesting outburst from the White House. The worm must turn. We refer to the expressions of praise and approval intermittently thrust upon Mr. Roosevelt by Williams Jennings Bryan.

• • •

ADVERTISING.

THERE is no unit of advertising power. One inch on a magazine page, one column wide, does not serve all purposes of reckoning. The power of the advertising of one sandwich-man seems to us a better unit, and it sounds more like one-horse power or one-candle power. What we want to say is that ten million sandwich-men marching solemnly in a line could not advertise us more than does our fleet sailing around the globe. Everybody is looking at it. The furthest Turk knows that there are forty-five stars on our flag. The Tierra-del-Fuegian may not be able to count up to forty-five, but he can reckon the stripes on his ten fingers and three of his toes. The gun-power of our navy is of little use to us in these monotonous times of peace; but the advertising power is so enormous it has been sheer extravagance to let it lie latent for so long. We are in business; why not advertise? Hurrah for US!

See the announcement in next week's JUDGE of an enjoyable and astonishing Limerick Contest.

A CHANGE DESIRED.

MR. WYSS—"My dear, I wish you would arrange your hair the way you had it last evening."
MRS. WYSS—"Oh, Justin! I simply can't do that. It completely changes my appearance."
MR. WYSS (*quietly*)—"I am fully aware of that, my love."

THE STUTTERING SONNETEER.

SOULFUL SONGS OF THE HUMBLE COUNTER-JUMPER TO THE HAUGHTY SALESLADY.

By Sus-sus-Sam S. Sus-sus-Stinson.

IGHT of my life, my pup-pup-precious one,
I bid you wuh-wuh-welcome to the store.
I watch you kuk-kuk-coming through the door,
And sus-sus-see the kuk-kuk-cash-boys run
To take your wraps. My day has just begun
When I can sus-sus-see my love once more,
And all my pent-up pup-pup-passion pour
In verses to my Ami-zuz-zuz-zon.

Last nun-nun-night I dud-dud-dreamed of you,
And in my dud-dud-dream I walked alone
Be-sus-sus-side the sea, and ere I knew
You came up through the wuh-wuh-waves, my own,
Like Aphro-dud-dud-dite, and you threw
Me kuk-kuk-kisses from your far-off throne.

CURT, BUT TRUE.

She—"I wonder where those clouds are going?"
He—"They are going to thunder."

OFFICE PERSONALITIES.

THE blotter—Retentive; absorbs a great deal.

The desk—Receptive, sympathetic; likes to be leaned on.

The ink-well—Extremely versatile; can write a wrong or wrong a write.

The scissors—Sarcastic and malicious; very cutting and ever willing to separate.

The paste-pot—Persistent, persevering; possesses the faculty of sticking to things.

The pen—Enterprising, ambitious; ever waits for an opportunity to make its mark.

The waste-basket—Intemperate, aggressive; frequently gets full, and is fond of scraps.

The writing-paper—Diminutive, quiet; can easily be covered, and always remains stationary.

The calendar—Contemporaneous, but lazy; always up to date, but frequently takes a month off.

The revolving chair—Retrogressive but philanthropic; goes backward, but is always ready to do a good turn.

PERRINE LAMBERT.

FATE'S SHELL-GAME.

Phil O. Sopher—"Don't worry, old man. Chickens always come home to roost, you know."

Discouraged friend—"Yes—after they have laid their eggs in some other fellow's barn."

NOT EXPECTED OF HIM.

"So you want a job, hey? Well, what did you do at your last place?"

"I didn't do anything. I was the office-boy."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MISS EDITH HELENA, SOPRANO.

Although the range of your true tones
Makes critics cold rejoice,
I only know I yield me to
The magic of your voice.

JUDGE'S DECISIONS.

DISTILLED waters run steep.

There is a limit to every man's nerve-power. He can do only so many.

Some their debts bemoan. Now, come; that's funny'
Their debts would greater be—with twice the money.

Philosophy is like a fancy umbrella, that you can't somehow open when it rains.

The longer you sleep the longer you live. Therefore, only wake up at meal-times.

Many women who believe in the scientific feeding of children never get a chance to try it.

LIVING HIGH.

Mrs. Frost—"What do you think of roof-gardens, doctor?"

Dr. Snow—"That they're great places for over-eating."

A DOG-FIT.

A very small dog from Paree
Once chuckled and laughed with great glee,
"Although I'm a pup,
One thought cheers me up—
Pa's pants can't be made to fit me!"

FOREVER AND FOREVER.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, with his unlimited wealth, is building lasting fame with posterity; but there is to-day a man—a plodder among the lowly though he may be for meagre wage—who even now has wider fame than Carnegie, and whose name will be a household word through the generations to come, when the name of Carnegie may have crumbled away from the costly monuments he erected to perpetuate it and is lost to the memory of the ages.

Who is he, this one of the undying name? John Smith.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

THERE was consternation in the restaurant.

"Break it gently!" whispered the cook through the hole in the wall.

"Break it gently!" added the waiter with a long face.

"Break it gently!" echoed the proprietor nervously.

The old gentleman at the third table adjusted his glasses and beckoned to the proprietor.

"Has someone been hurt?" he demanded.

"Not that I know of," replied the proprietor.

"Anybody dangerously ill?"

"Don't think so."

"Then why in the deuce do you keep saying 'Break it gently'?"

"Because it is for the best. We are alluding to a doubtful egg, sir."

IN CHICAGO.

First matron—"Isn't it ghastly the way necessities have gone up?"

Second matron—"Yes. I shall have to wear my last year's husband again this winter."

OUTRAGED.

'RASTUS (*indignantly*)—"De way sum people shet up deir chickens, wif not a single winder open fo' ventilation, am simply outrageous cruelty ter animals!"

COST OF FATTED CALVES.

"I want to tell you, sir, that this panic don't affect the farmers."
"Don't, eh? Well, you jest oughter see the prodigal sons thet's been thrown back on us."

TO AN UNFOUND TREASURE.

YOU ask me why I love her?
She's no beauty, I'll admit,
And most girls are far above her
In the realms of sense and wit.

Her temper 's rather—funny,
And her sweetness—all to learn,
And she hasn't any money
(Or economy) to burn.

She 's no style, no education,
No accomplishments; nor could
She aspire to social station—
Folks don't even call her "good."

But she has one crowning glory
That for all things compensates:
You will doubtless doubt my story,
But—she *always* keeps her dates.

D. O.

THEIR DESIGNS.

Bishop (kindly)—"And all these lovely young ladies whom I have just met in the guild-room have some common bond?"

Curate (modestly)—"Yes. They all hope to marry me."

PIPE-DREAMS.

THE WATER-HOUSE.

WHEN I was sick
One day, *long* time ago—I guess
It maybe was last week—we went
En roded on the water-house. En it was jes'
A great, big parler inside, kind of bent
All round, a-stead of havin' corners, wiv a lot
O' closets, en inside 'em was a shelf
Fer folks to sleep on, 'cause I got
'Way up en slep' there my own self,
'Cause I was sick.

En outside there was porch en porch en stoop
Up stairs en down stairs, en up on the roof,
Wiv railin's all bent round 'em like a hoop,
En big black chimbleys goin' "choof!" en "choof!"
En I was sick.

En someone give the water-house a push,
En we went '*way* out on the lake,
En there was somethin' goin' "Whush! ca-whush!"
En then a choo-choo whistle tried to make
A toot, but had a nawful cold,
En only went "Woo! woo!" en then, oh, my!
I felt jes' like I didn't want to *hold*
The sandriches en lemonade en pie
En candy en ice-cream 'at we had et,
Because the water-house jes' *rockabied*
En rockabied! En then I let
Myself unstomach all I had inside,
En I was sick!

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

TIMELY AID.

"I SEE that Moneybags has come forward with a half-million to help out in this financial trouble."

"Yes; but if he wished to relieve the trouble any why did he wait so long?"

"Well, you see, he wanted to be sure the tide was coming in before casting his bread on the waters."

HOW THEY DID IT.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL visitor, after severely catechizing the children, put to them this question, "How do the angels in heaven do the will of God?"

"They do it without asking questions, sir," piped in a little boy.

TIME, THREE A. M.

Husband—"A storm prevented my coming home sooner."

Wife—"A storm! What kind—rain, hail, wind, barn, or brain?"

A SHAKESPERIAN TOUCH.

"I was going to say that I recognized her, in spite of her disguise, by her turned-up nose. But how can one say 'She has a turned-up nose' and avoid such a commonplace expression?"
"Say 'Her nose smells to heaven.'"

ABUNDANT CAUSE.

Mrs. Askim—"I am told that the Gunsons are very unhappy."

Mrs. Tellum—"They have every reason to be. She has a terrible temper and he refuses to get angry."

A LOSER.

"HOW do you know that Mrs. Rogers isn't going to have new furs this winter?"

"I played bridge with her last night."

A CITY SNOW-STORM.

NIGHT,
White,
Dawn,
Gone.

GRAVE ENOUGH.

"WHERE is the centre of gravity, pa?"

"An Englishman, if there's one in the crowd."

MERE BAGATELLES.

"THE Joneses are living in an automobile now."

"What have they done with their furniture?"

"Got it with 'em. You know they had always kept house in a Harlem flat."

A NEW FACE.

"Did you say she has a stone-y look?"
"I did. People always speak of her countenance as her façade."

REVISION.

WHEN your head hits hard
And your thoughts feel queer,
And your heels rise up
Like foam on beer;
When your voice is weak
And your language strong,
And the stars you see
Are six feet long—
It is not improbable that some careless
person has thrown a banana-skin
on the pavement.

ANDREW ARMSTRONG.

MAN OF UN-MAILED LETTERS.

Mrs. Hoyle—"Is your husband a man of letters?"

Mrs. Doyle—"Yes. He must have at least a dozen of mine that he has never mailed."

COMPUNCTION.

THE unsaid word, the unsung song,
What heartbreak have they wrought!
But oh, to be haunted all life long
By the wraith of an Unthought Thought!

A MATTER OF SURPRISE.

LONE WIDOW—"Poor, dear man! he lived only three months after our marriage."
OLD JENKINS—"Ahem! As long as that, mum?"

HALF NOT ENOUGH.

"Oi hear Moike had throuble wid his better-half."
"Yis. She wanted to be th' whole thing."

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN.

GREAT crowds surged about the city depot where the trains of many busy lines discharged and received their human freight. Many whose appearance was distinguished were amid the throngs—persons whose dress and demeanor would have made them noticeable anywhere and amid any collection of individuals.

Yet apart from all stood a smallish man in almost shabby garb, his face cast downward, as if he were in thought. A glance at his features would not have discovered anything remarkable or attractive. Judging by his appearance, one would have thought him to be almost infinitely poorer in this world's goods than were the well-dressed, opulent-looking people who surged near him in a struggle to reach their trains. One would never have judged him to be a great captain of industry, holding the wealth of John D. Crœsus in his possession, and able at will to start or stop a great financial panic.

Yet who was this quiet, unobtrusive, plainly-dressed individual who attracted so little attention? Who was he? we repeat.

Alas, dear reader, perhaps you can tell us? As for ourselves, we haven't the slightest idea!

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

THE jaybird, he's my favorite
Of all the birds they is.
I think he's quite a stylish sight
In that blue suit of his;
An' when he lights an' shuts his wings
His coat 's a "cutaway."
I guess it's only when he sings
You'd know he was a jay.

D. PRICHARD.

THE ANARCHISTIC SPIRIT.

"WHAT do you call the man that drives an automobile?"

"Well, it depends largely upon one's religious scruples and command of language."

THE DANGERS OF OPTIMISM.

OPTIMISM is really an excellent theory if kept in its place, but in these days the tendency is to run it into the ground. We meet professional optimists everywhere. What can be more terrible, for example, than to be in such a mental state that you can be cured by any form of the New Thought?

In the first stages Optimism is easily curable. One of the receipts is to buy a hundred shares of Amalgamated Copper.

In its second stage it is susceptible of treatment by marriage or living in the suburbs.

In the last stages, however, the patient is hopeless. He is too happy for any use, and is, of course, quite unbearable.

The worst feature of Optimism is the people it forces you to associate with. Not to be able to get rid of the man who has discovered the-true-meaning-of-Life—indeed, to become so that you actually enjoy his company—is beyond all cure. And there is nothing worse than the man who has discovered the-true-meaning-of-Life. There may be other grades of superiority more offensive, but we have never met them.

It is better, indeed, to be conservative, and not admit that there is too much good in anything.

Only in this way can one retain one's self-respect in these days of universal panaceas.

THOMAS L. MASSON.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A POOR BET.

"Sure, I know who he is. There's a race-horse named after him."

BRYAN
1896
1900

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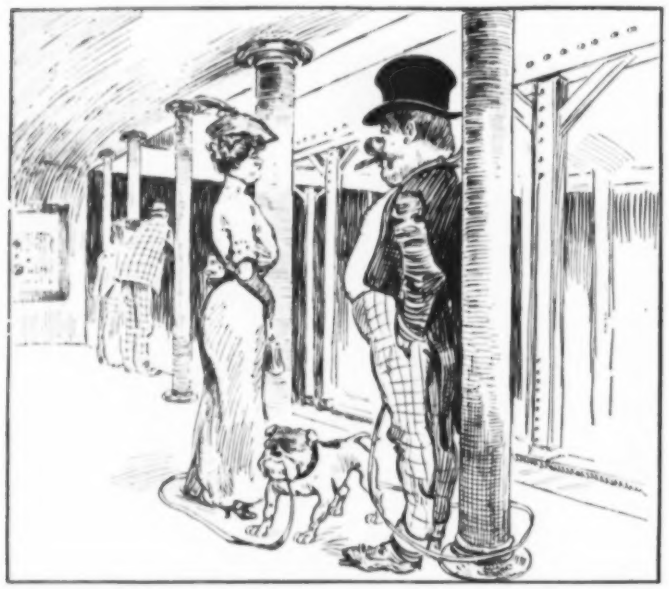
TWO OF THEM.

"Persistent and always at work. . . . . The donkey is entirely appropriate as an emblem."—*Bryan.*

1. Nervy Nat—"Oh, fudge! what's a mere ordinary subway to me? I've been in the tuppenny tube and the sewers of Paris, but those who disappear in the depths of this thing look good to me. Come, Algernon; let's shake the sunlight for the time being."

2. Nervy Nat—"'Tis well the watch-dog of the treasury is doing the Rip van Winkle act, as it saves embarrassing situations. I have not a nickel about me, and I am quite positive Algernon has not. Pleasant dreams, old man!"



3. Nervy Nat—"Oh, look who's here! Goodness, fair one! how could you travel under ground? I'll follow thee, oh, queen of the trench!"

4. Nervy Nat—"What in purple thunder is the matter? I've got a rush of blood to the head, and the queen is throwing a fit. Some one must have opened the back door and let the wind in."

5. Nervy Nat—"Algernon, I regret that I ever brought you to America. While I quite enjoy the manner in which I am encumbered, it is against my nature to cause such annoyance to a lady."

The lady—"Oh, he——lp!"

6. The lady—"Help! You're a brute!"

Nervy Nat—"Pardon, Geraldine; the brute department is on my right. As for the help, I hear it approaching. All I request is that you forget our first meeting and send a few flowers to my cell occasionally."

NO. 31.—NERVY NAT—HIS ADVENTURE IN THE SUBWAY.

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NOTE.—The First Series of Nervy Nat's Adventures is now ready, handsomely bound, in book-form. Price, 75 cents; 10 cents additional for postage when ordered by mail. Address JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

HIS FAVORITE PARABLE.

A country clergyman on his round of visits interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories.

"My lad," he said, "you have, of course, heard of the parables?"

"Yes, sir," shyly answered the boy, whose mother had inducted him in sacred history. "Yes, sir."

"Good!" said the clergyman. "Now which of them do you like the best of all?"

The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied,

"I guess I like that one where somebody loafs and fishes."—*Exchange.*

WELL PROVIDED FOR.

The fleet is well provided with stuff to eat. In case it became necessary to do so, the men could live for weeks on the mascots alone.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

A COMPENSATION.

"Everything has its compensations," said the man who smells of gasoline.

"How so?" asked his friend.

"Well, I'm not much stuck on the odor of this, but it saves my eating an awful lot of cloves."—*Brooklyn Life.*

THE SAVING GRACE.

A Detroit woman has left $5,000 for the support of homeless cats. About the only thing that can be said in approval is that there is no possibility of her money going to the dogs.—*Exchange.*

Digestion's great aid—Abbott's Bitters. A "nip" after each meal affords relief.

STEADY JOB.

"Hullo, Bilkins! Who are you working for now?"

"Same people—a wife and five children."—*Tit-Bits.*

MODERN ANNOYANCE.

The following advertisement is published in the *Kreisblatt*, a newspaper at Hoechst, near Wiesbaden: "Can any one favor me with the names of the balloonists who, when passing over the village of Ried last Thursday evening, dropped a bag of ballast down my chimney and completely ruined a fruit tart which I was cooking?—Julia Schmidt, 14 Britzelgasse, Ried."—*Exchange.*

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

"Roses I send to match your lips"—
Thus wrote a lovelorn fellow.
Alas! the florist sealed his fate—
The ones he sent were yellow.
—*Record.*

NASAL.

Appealing eyes to win one's love
May well suffice.
A peeling nose upon the dove
Is not so nice.
—*Courier-Journal.*

FACT!

If wood fuel be green and refuse to burn, fire may be started by pouring a pail of kerosene over the sticks. Results, it is said, are instantaneous.—*Collier's Weekly.*

ECONOMY.

I skimp on coal, I skimp on clothes
For both myself and wife.
I skimp on food, and goodness knows
I lead the skimple life.
—*Exchange.*

THE DEAR THINGS.

Offer a woman an apology and the chances are she will offer an excuse for not accepting it.—*Exchange.*

Give the average youth plenty of cold cash and he will have a hot time.—*Ex.*

WHAT THE COUNTRY NEEDS.

What this country needs is not more money, but more people who have some of it.—*Indianapolis News.*

HARDLY WORTH WHILE.

Judge—"And you, who remained honest until you were forty, have smirched your name and dishonored your family, all for the sake of three miserable shillings?"

Prisoner—"Excuse me, sir; was it my fault that there were so few?"—*Pick me-up.*

MAKING THEM INTO CHEESE.

The Swiss are going to put a new tunnel through the Alps. At this rate they'll soon make those famous mountains look like a piece of their national cheese.—*Chicago Post.*

A GOOD BAROMETER.

Nervous lady-passenger (to deck-hand)—"Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mister Sailor?"

Deck-hand—"Take a word from an old salt, mum: The weather is never very bad while there's any females on deck a-making hinquiries about it."—*Tit-Bits.*

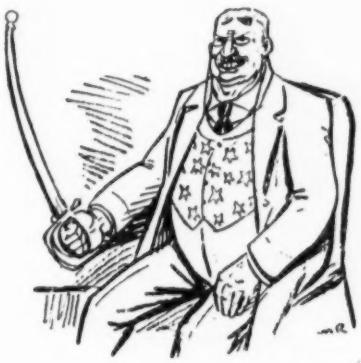
AS OTHERS SEE US.

Glimpses of Ourselves, Socially and Politically, through the Humorous Papers of Other Lands.

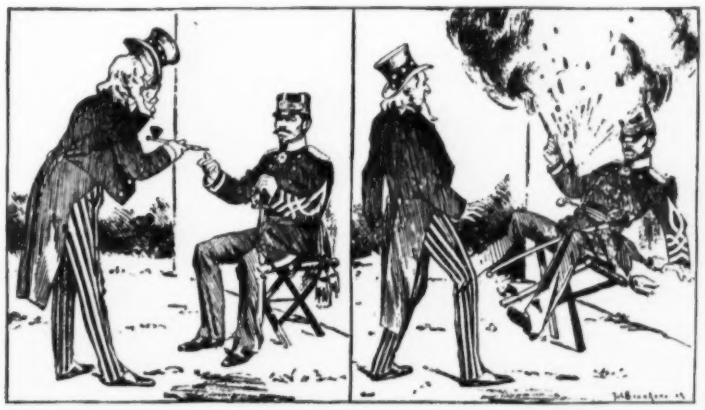
Le Rire is amused at the predicament in which Roosevelt finds himself in regard to the relation of the trusts to prosperity. *Pasquino* and *Lustige Blätter* get a certain enjoyment from the same thing; while the *Amsterdammer* has a comment to make on the voyage of our fleet to the Pacific.

ST. TEDDY.
Fighting the trust dragon.
—*Lustige Blätter.*

Teddy, like the Baron Munchausen, hopes to lift himself out of a scrape by his own hair. —*Pasquino.*



A group of admirers desire to offer to President Roosevelt the sabre of Monsieur Prudentman—the famous sabre, which will not only permit him to attack the trusts, but at the same time to defend them.
—*Le Rire.*



JONATHAN—"I'm sending sixteen battle-ships to the Pacific in honor of you. Let us smoke the pipe of peace over it."

MIKADO—"With all my heart."

MIKADO—"Treason! There's a bomb in the pipe!"

JONATHAN—"Heavens! Who can have sent me that tobacco? I guess it must have come from Manila."
—*Amsterdammer.*

PRAYED FOR WHAT?

The Hon. Jeff Davis, who telegraphs to Arkansas that when he addressed the senate on Wednesday his hearers "came to scoff, but stayed to pray," fails to mention what they prayed for.—*St. Louis Times.*

Although the man who doesn't pay his debts may be gone he isn't forgotten.

THE NOBEL PRIZE TO HIM.

"You say you and your wife never quarrel?"

"Never; you see, when she fires up I always go out."—*Delaware County Democrat.*

When nature neglects to make a fool of a man it gives some woman a chance.

THE IMMUTABLE REPUTATION OF

HUNTER WHISKEY

FOR SUPERIORITY IS FOUNDED UPON ITS

ABSOLUTE PURITY MATURITY AND FLAVOR

THIS IS A FIXED FACT IN PUBLIC PREFERENCE, PROVEN BY ITS WONDERFUL POPULARITY.

GUARANTEED UNDER THE PURE FOOD LAW.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Where there's a will there's always a way to dodge it.—*Ex.*

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ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

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Clarke Williams, New York's new superintendent of banks, said the other day of a bankrupt:

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Mr. Williams laughed.

"He reminded me," he said, "of a waiter whom I heard about the other day. This waiter was summoned angrily by a guest.

"'Look here, waiter,' the guest grumbled, 'these oysters that you have brought me are bad.'

"'I know that, sir,' the waiter answered; 'but we have given you three more than you ordered to make up for it.'"—*Washington Star.*

CARELESS BURGLARS.

"In writing up the burglary," said the excited caller, "you can say that the thieves in their hurry overlooked seven hundred and fifty dollars' worth of jewelry and solid-silver plate in one of the cupboards."

"Might that not bring the burglars to your house a second time?" suggested the editor.

"I don't care if it does," exclaimed the other. "I don't want the public to get the impression that a gang of robbers can go through my house and only find twenty-five dollars' worth of stuff worth stealing."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"THREE WEEKS ELAPSE."

"Just a little touch of realism," remarked the dramatist with pardonable pride. "It's a wonder nobody ever thought of it before."

"What is it?"

"Why, my heroine is a brunette in Act I, and a blonde in Act II."—*Courier-Journal.*

SIMILARLY AFFLICTED.

Editor—I am thirty years old and unmarried. Several times I have proposed to girls, but they have rejected me. What's the matter with me?—Henry P. G.

Answer—"I don't know, but whatever it is, I've got it, too."—*Denver Post.*

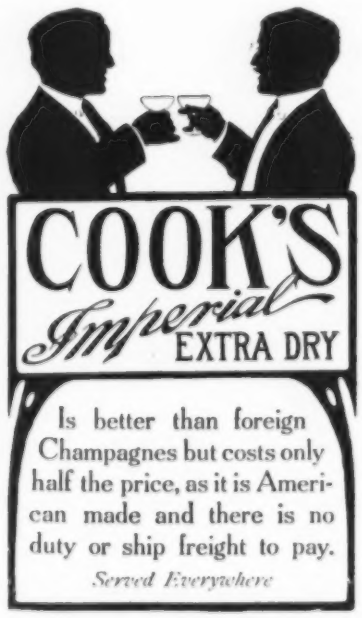
KNEW IT BY THE REACTION.

Baldwin—"Had a fine time last night, hadn't you?"

Rambo (bathing his aching head)—"Best ever!"

Baldwin—"What did you do?"

Rambo—"I haven't the slightest idea."—*Chicago News.*



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RATHER.

"Gee! but ain't his legs thin?"

"Rather. He was arrested for vagrancy once, for having no visible means of support." —*Widow.*

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¶ Do you ever make investments in Wall Street securities? Do you ever buy or sell stocks or bonds? If so, do not fail to read "Jasper's Hints to Money-makers" every week in "Leslie's Weekly," in which questions regarding stocks and bonds are honestly and conservatively answered, and hints given as to the outlook in the stock market from week to week. This is the most reliable financial department published in the United States, and thousands have testified in writing that it has either made or saved them money.

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HE FOUND THE KEY.

Mrs. Dresswell had just returned, after spending a week with a country friend. Imagine her consternation when she discovered her previously well-stocked wardrobe empty.

"Gracious, George!" she said to her young husband, "where are all my clothes? And what is that great black patch in the back yard?"

The face of George exhibited all the well-known signs of conscious righteousness, and he met her gaze unflinchingly.

"Marie," he replied consolingly, "you wrote me that if I wanted the key of the spare room I should find it in the pocket of your bolero."

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, I don't know a bolero from a fichu or a box pleat, so I took all the things to the back yard and burned them. Then I recovered the key from the ashes." —*Eau Claire Leader.*

Abbott's Bitters are noted for their digestive properties. At all druggists'.

HIS "'SPERIENCE WIF DE LAW."

"'Rastus," said the neighbor, "I'd like to borrow that mule of yours."

"Goodness sakes, boss!" was the rejoinder, "I'd like to 'commodate you; but I's had some 'sperience wif de law. If a man is 'sponsible foh de acts of his agent, an' I was to lend dat mule out, it wouldn' be no time befo' I was arrested for assassination!" —*Washington Star.*

WOULD HATE TO TRY IT.

A Western girl won a lover because she did not recite poetry. Love is so practical these days it will only tolerate a jingle when it is in cold cash. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

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ALWAYS THE SAME.

"When I heah you tawk about havin' a even tempah," said the Kentucky colonel, "I cain't he'p thinkin' of Jack Chinn and whut ole man Hutchins used to say of him back theah in Harrodsburg. Ole man Hutchins used to say: 'Jack Chinn, he's jes' about the mes' even-tempahed man evah was in the wuhld, he is. Mad all the time.'"—*Chicago News.*

WEBSTER, REVISED.

Has-Been—A man who has spent his time with hair vigors, electric brushes, and newspaper recipes, when he should have been winning a laurel wreath to cover his ignominy with.

Reputation—Something to live up to in your youth and to live down in old age.—*Eau Claire Leader.*

NO TIME TO LOOK AROUND.

"People were surprised when you married the widow, were they not?"

"I don't know; I was so surprised myself that I didn't take notice."—*Houston Post.*

THE NEXT PLEA.

"Now, Miss Floradora, why did you shoot the man?"

"Because."

"That's our case, gentlemen of the jury."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Genius is acting the way any man does who needs calomel.

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First tramp—"After all, it pays to be polite, pardner."

Second tramp—"Not always. The other day I was actin' deaf and dumb when a man gave me sixpence. I says, 'Thank you, sir,' and he had me arrested."—*Tit-Bits.*

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The good either die young or outgrow it.

Broad hints are wasted on narrow-minded people.

Time isn't exactly money, but some people spend one just as foolishly as the other.

JOHN JAMESON ★★★ WHISKEY

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Actor—"With the salary you give me, I can only greet death with joy."—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

CLINGING TO THE TAG.

"Seen Mrs. Showoff's new imported gown?"

"Yes; she hadn't removed the price tag. I called her attention to it."

"I called her attention to it last week."—*Exchange.*

A QUESTION OF HONOR.

Sadly the pickpocket surveyed the interior of a fat purse.

"Nothing but samples," he muttered. "Is there no honor among women?"—*Exchange.*

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

"Pa, why do they call women the weaker sex?"

"That's something I've never been able to figure out myself," responded the fond parent.—*Detroit Free Press.*

APPRAISING IT.

"John, do you love me?"

"Yes."

"How much do you love me?"

"Say fifty dollars' worth, Maria. Money is tight just now."—*Courier-Journal.*

A PLEA.

Oh, stranger, by
My tombstone pause;
I was a reckless
Santa Claus.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

By James Montgomery Flagg

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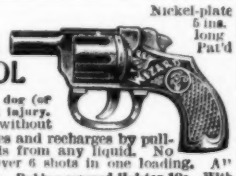

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"The jam manufacturer one day wrote Mr. James an impudent letter, vowing that it was outrageous the way the James servants were trespassing on his grounds. Mr. James wrote back:

"'Dear sir—I am very sorry to hear that my servants have been poaching on your preserves.

"'P.S.—Excuse my mentioning your preserves.'"—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

ONE WHO COULD NOT BE FOOLED.

An aged Jersey farmer, visiting a circus for the first time, stood before the dromedary's cage, eyes popping and mouth agape at the strange beast within. The circus proper began and the crowds left for the main show, but still the old man stood before the cage in stunned silence, appraising every detail of the misshapen legs, the cloven hoofs, the pendulous upper lip, and the curiously mounded back of the sleepy-eyed beast. Fifteen minutes passed. Then the farmer turned away disgustedly.

"Hell, there ain't no such animal!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

FILLER.

Some poets balk at staircase rhyme.
It has its place.
It comes in handy any time
To
fill
up
space.
—*Courier-Journal.*

SUFFICIENT REASON.

Bing—"Yes; that's old Spriggings. Half a dozen doctors have given him up at various times during his life."

Wing—"What was the matter with him?"

Bing—"He wouldn't pay his bills."—*Tit-Bits.*

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Practical citizen—"That depends, young man. Are you going to run for office or do you want to marry my daughter?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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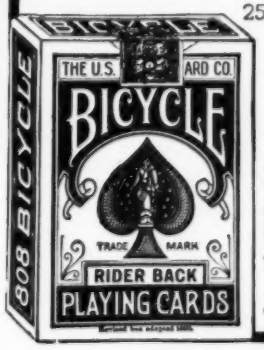

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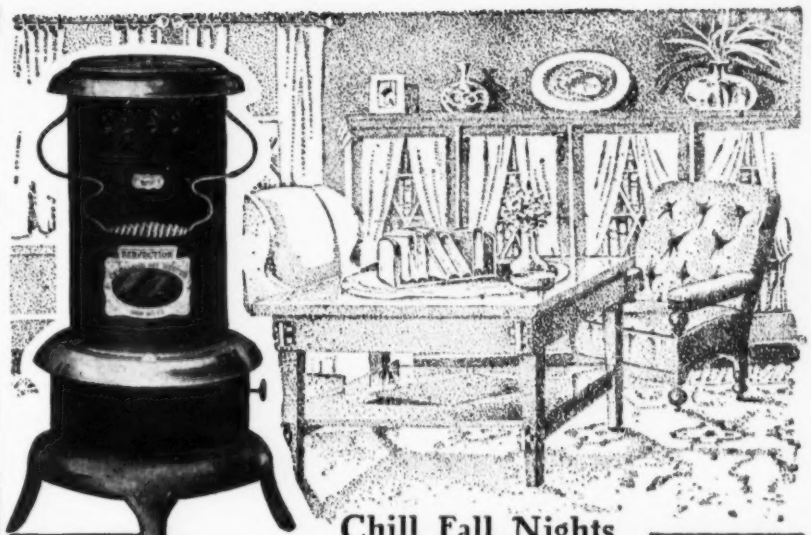

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The Rayo Lamp is the best lamp for all-round household purposes. Gives a clear, steady light. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Equipped with the latest improved central draft burner. Handsome—simple—satisfactory. Every lamp guaranteed.

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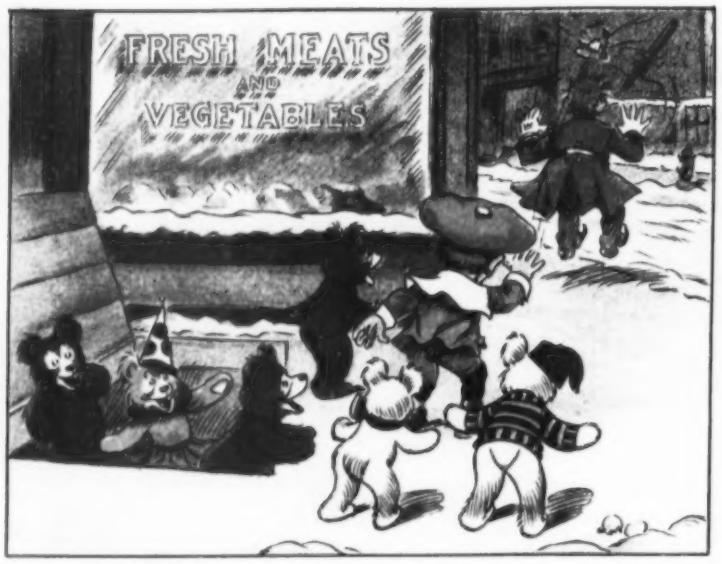
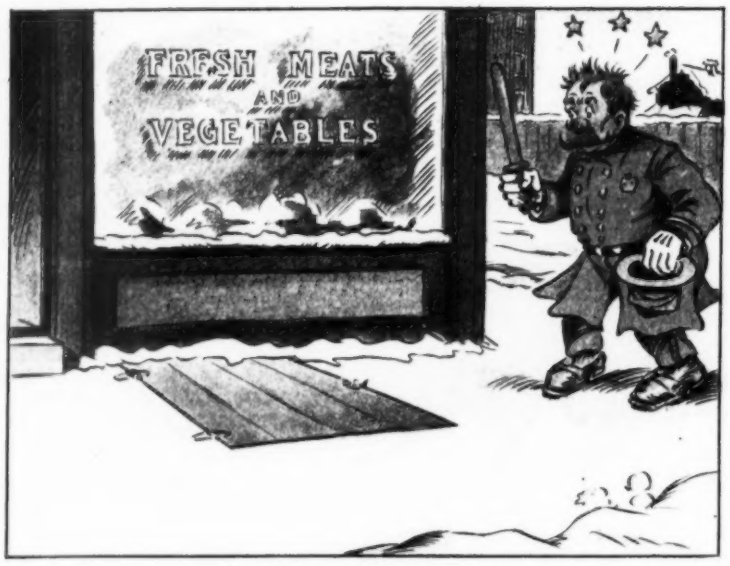
Judge

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

THEY PLAGUE, AS OFTEN AS THEY CAN, THE P'LICEMAN AND THE BUTCHER-MAN.



1. The fat policeman on the beat
Was walking slowly up the street,
When suddenly a snowball sped
And hit him squarely in the head.



2. The fat policeman rushed around,
But not a person could be found.
He should have gotten there before
The Teds had shut that cellar-door.

3. But when he turned away his face
Those rascals left their hiding-place.
Another ball is thrown, alack!
And hits the p'liceman in the back.

4. The butcher-man comes out to see
What all this scampering can be.
"Aha!" the fierce policeman sings,
"You are the man who trun them things."

5. The Teddies peep from 'neath their door
And hear the fearful battle roar.
They think that it is just about
The time for them to scramble out.

6. They see their chance and dash away—
While each bruised victim of the fray
Just clinches up his fist and swears
Some day he'll get those Teddy Bears.

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The First Series of the adventures of "Little Johnny and the Teddy Bears" is now ready in handsome book-form. Price, 60 cents. For